

MAKING POWDER
PETS!
CAPEN,
Street,
PETS,
during his recent visit
ates of many of the choicest
as secured as private for this
e Styles
CARPETS,
mand attention.
CAPEN,
on Street.
PETS.
DOBSON,
urers of
WORLD,
rtment of Carpets in the
ATES.
s, Tapestries, 3-Ply, Kid-
ths (in all widths), Rugs,
ERS' PRICES.
al Price \$2.50.)
al Price \$3.00.)
al Price \$2.00.)
ELS.
Price \$1.75.)
Price \$1.00.)
Price \$1.00.)
DOBSON,
Boston, Mass.
Methodist Hymnal
Hymnal with
Tunes.
ready to fill orders for the following
Methodist Hymnal.
Double Column.
ed edges 0.40
glit edges 0.50
glit edges 2.00
glit edges 2.00
24mo. 0.30
SUPERFINE PAPER.
s 0.65
edges 0.75
edges 1.00
edges 1.50
and clasp 1.75
glit clasp 2.00
glit clasp 2.25
glit clasp 2.00
glit clasp 5.00
16mo. 0.75
SUPERFINE PAPER.
s 1.00
edges 1.20
edges 1.40
edges 2.25
glit clasp 3.00
glit clasp 3.50
glit clasp 3.00
glit clasp 3.00
glit clasp 6.50
mo. With Tunes.
ions 481-484 of Ritual.
o. With Tunes.
ions 481-484 of Ritual.
s. Superfine paper 1.75
glit edges 2.25
glit edges 5.00
Magee Agent,
33 Bromfield St., Boston.
Bell Foundry
BLISHED IN 1920.
AKE & CO., formerly Hooper &
ure Bells of every description.
ues of Copper and Tin. Address
AKE & CO., Boston, Mass.
LY & KIMBERLY
UNDERS, TROY, N. Y.
superior quality of Bells.
n given to CHURCH BELLS
Catalogues free. 376
ELY & COMPANY.
edery, West Troy, N. Y.
ublished. CHURCH BELLS and
EMY, FACTORY BELLS, etc. Im-
Mountings Catalogues free. No
393
YER MFG CO
reals, Pines, Spruce, Fir, etc.
1000 lbs. weight, price, etc. sent free.
Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.
BELL FOUNDRY
celebrated Bells for CHURCH-
s. Price List and Circulars
YER MFG CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
F SMITH and SMITH.

ZION'S HERALD.
PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,
33 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WEED, Publisher.
BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.
Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.
Postage 30 cents per year.
Specimen Copies Free.

ZION'S HERALD
Vol. LV. BOSTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878. No. 41.

ZION'S HERALD.
ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion (Agate matter) per line 25 cents.
Each continued insertion, " " " 10 " "
Three months, 15 insertions, " " " 16 " "
Six months, 30 " " " 26 " "
Twelve months, 60 " " " 44 " "
Business Notices, " " " 38 " "
Reading, " " " 50 " "
No Advertisement published for less
than one dollar.
No Advertisement will be taken with-
out a personal inspection by us of the copy.
Cuts will only be taken by special arrange-
ment.
ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

CONFIDENCE.
BY HATTIE M. ATWATER.
"Who died for us, that whether we wake or
sleep we need live together with Him."—1st
THESS. v, 10.
As a bird in its sheltered nest
Fears not the wind and rain;
As a child on its mother's breast,
Lulled to a dreamless rest,
Forgets its passion or pain;
We, safe in the mighty Arms
That open wide for us all,
Find shelter, and rest, and peace,
Though a thousand ills befall;
And sleeping or waking,
We rest in the Lord,
Close to the merciful heart of God.

TWO NEW METHODIST BOOKS.
BY GILBERT HAVEN.
Among the latest and best issues of
the terming press are two that are
likely to see many days. They are,
"Mile Stone Papers" and "The Inter-
mediate World." It is perhaps wrong
to call these Methodist, for that makes
them provincial in some minds, and
that makes them of slight account.
Time was when to publish a book in
English was belittling to the author.
Time was when a Presbyterian, or an
Episcopalian, or a Congregational
work had no reputation because of the
ignominy of its origin. The time is not yet
far behind us, when the sneer, "Who
reads an American book?" sounded
out from the saucy Edinburgh, to the
immense indifference of all Britain and
the immense wrath of all America.
Even then "Thanatopsis" had been
published, and Knickerbocker's "New
York" and Cooper's "Spy." But they
were rare sights, and the sneer was
not untrue. To-day we can almost re-
tort, "Who reads an English book?"
so numerous are our writers and so in-
fluential on both sides of the sea.

Methodist books have never been
without readers. Probably no Com-
mentary ever published in Ameri-
ca of its cost, if of any cost, that had
a sale equal to Clark; and if, to-day,
it could be revised, its classics retained,
in which it has no rival in the litera-
ture of commentaries, and its less val-
uable matter brought up to the latest
exegesis, or, better yet, if it could be
reduced, and only those portions which
are his own eminently could be brought
together in a single volume, or two, its
sale would be even greater than be-
fore. Stevens gained a large outside
hearing. Had he kept up his audience
by feeding it with a book every two
or three years, it would have been
large to-day. Whedon, Watson, and
others have always had a public at
their heels, reading and applauding.
But later Methodism is more literary
than the elder. It is going every-
where in this shape. Ten of our most pop-
ular novelists are her children and write
her stories. Another, like one of these,
the daughter of a New England Con-
ference preacher, would equal either
of them if she would put herself into
type. Her occasional papers are of
Gail Hamilton power and more than
Gail Hamilton finish. The editors,
magazinetists and reviewers who were
born in, if not now of, our Church, are
numerous and influential. "Garth" and
"Nordhoff" are specimens of their
popularity, and we fear of their
piety. But what they have that is good
and smart, they owe to Methodism.

These books are not of the purely literary
class, though written in the literary
spirit. They are not theological, for
that word means a scientific treatise on
the divine nature, though science and
the divine rarely get closer together
than in these volumes. Each writer
has become a familiar name in religious
literature, each famous in a wide cir-
cle, and certain of larger fame in
wider. Each had the hard task set
him of running against himself. The
author of a successful volume is al-
ways at a disadvantage. As Longfel-
low says of a son of a famous man, he
has a stone put on his head at the start,
and is required to build up to it and up-
on it. So is it with one whose first
book brings fame. Dr. Townsend's
book is printed on both back and title-
page "by the author of Credo," though
a number of valuable works have ap-
peared from his pen since that was
published. Dr. Steele has only one
rival because he has issued but one
previously, but that one is a hard one
to beat. Never, probably, were two
writers of our Church so suddenly fa-
mous outside and inside their own
communion on their first appearance
in a book. "Credo" is known all over
the Christian world. I met mission-
aries of other Churches in Mexico who

knew it well. I saw a Presbyterian
divine, the other day, at Saratoga, that
sprang at the sight of "the author of
Credo" on the title-page of "The Inter-
mediate World," and went into eulog-
ies on that work. "Love En-
throned" has become a classic, and will
remain such for centuries. With
one other work only will it be classed—
Rutherford's Letters. The Mystics,
Jacob Boehm, and Thomas à Kempis,
Tobler, and such, will call him brother-
or.

Of course he must continue to
write, and write after the key set by
himself and take the risks. He is not
willing, like the writer of the opera of
William Tell, the racy and magnificent
Rossini, to stop at twenty-eight, and
live to an old age and never write
again. Few are. How does this work
rank with its predecessor? It es-
says no rank. It is a series of papers
on the special blessing of which he is
the best lingual advocate; not that
others have not an equal experience,
but he best gives it voice.

Two excellences are in these papers:
The expression is clear. You know
just what he means. The expression
is handsome. You enjoy what he
says. They are faithful, too, in cor-
recting the dangers into which the
Plymouth Brethren and the Calvinistic
professors of this grace are apt to
fall. No Methodist can be a Meth-
odist become an Oneida perfectionist.
He must fall from his own doctrinal
grace before he falls into that dis-
grace. But a Calvinist may logically arrive
at that goal of hell. John Wesley
guarded this doctrine at every turn
against the sinless perfectionist—the
man who cannot sin, do what he may.
Dr. Steele faithfully clings to this
sheet anchor. Let go that, and legions
of devils leap into the swept and gar-
nished soul. The holiest must ever
say, "False and fall of sin I am,"
though he add instantly:—

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin."
"In me, that is in myself, dwelleth no
good thing." "The just live by faith,"
and not by self. This protecting bar-
rier to the happy believer and the
gulf of death and hell, faithfulness
well. Well does the Doctor strike
down the theory of the Plymouth
Brethren and their co-thinkers, that
faith alone and not a holy experience
is necessary. That is Calvinism run to
seed as wildly on the human side as
Universalism is Calvinism run wildly
but logically to seed on the divine side.
God's decree in each case is the basis,
not man's experience, not the Spirit's
witness.

Well, too, is the mode of making
Plato, Mill, Aristotle, Hamilton, and
others serve his cause. It is a new
sight in literature—these famous
names dragging the chariot of experi-
mental love divine. He makes good
use of his large and varied scholar-
ship, bringing these, as among the
"all things," into subjection to Christ.
Very adroitly he uses his critical
knowledge of the Greek grammar in
this direction. In the old "triangle"
days, when he pored over Plato and
Künner to match the brilliant Newhall
with superior scholastic brilliancy in
one line only, he little thought how
in the ages to come, whereof the coterie
often then spoke but never saw or
dreamed, he would be handling these
classic guns in defense of the highest
states of Christian life. Store up your
ammunition. You never know on
what field it may be fired.

The warmth of the book, the sum-
mer warmth, tempered with summer
breezes and "Sabian odors from the
spicy shores" of the heavenly
lands, make it exquisitely charming.
It is as good as the best writings of
Isaac Walton and Jeremy Taylor;
better than their best paper entitled,
"In the Heavens." Alike en-
chanting is the "Seven Sabbatic
Years." Of "The Heavens" he
says: "The society is very select.
Faith, Hope, Peace, Quietude, Resig-
nation, Victory, and Assurance, here
make their constant home, while Joy,
Gladness, Rejoicing and Exaltation
have their summer residence here, and
the summer lasts nearly all the year.
The Italian atmosphere of the region is
too transparent for Doubt to dwell in.
Guilt and Fear and Worry and Discon-
tent have never migrated to this cheer-
ful clime. Temptation makes an oc-
casional incursion, but he acts as if he
feels that he were an outlaw."

Two errors we discern: One is that
he strains his Greek grammar too far;
the other, that he makes this heavenly
country too sparsely settled. To carry
out his theory of an instantaneous
work, and that only, he gives a shrewd
analysis of the Greek arist, which he
says always means an instantaneous
work, and is always used in referring
to the work of justification and regen-
eration. Yet to sustain this, he has to
read out the last twenty verses of
Mark's Gospel, and change other ac-
cepted readings. His theory, too
closely held, requires him to render
several other texts contrary to their ev-

ident meaning. For instance: The
meaning of "perfect," in Hebrews v,
14: "But strong meat belongeth to
them that are perfect, even to those
who by reason of use have their senses
exercised to discern both good and
evil." In order to protect the theory of
unvarying instantaneity, and a com-
ing of this grace always consci-
ously after the first blessing, he has
to assert that this perfection means an
increase of the power of moral discern-
ment, a grace that one would think
ought to come at the first anointing.
Dr. Lindsay has just shown us that the
last verses of Mark ought not to be re-
jected, and their non-rejection over-
throws the position of the work. So
will the true interpretation of this verse
in Hebrews. "Generally" is better
than "always" concerning the attain-
ment of this state of grace. Leave
Christ and the soul a little liberty. It
is not necessary to assert that this
work of grace is always instantane-
ous. It may usually be. It is not
necessarily so. Many enter "the
Heavens" on their new birth and
abide there; many are unconscious
when they enter, as they are of their
natural birth, but are there.

Nor is this realm so destitute of
population as he supposes. Had he
looked around rather than up, since he
"drove" his "tent-stakes into the mel-
low soil of these flowery plains," he
would have found an exceeding great
multitude of loving, holy souls settled
all about him. The very verses he so
happily quotes are not from those who
can tell their third birthday. Charles
Wesley and John had no seventeenth
of September; nor Faber, whom he so
highly commends and quotes as the
best utterer of his experience, although
himself a convert and a priest of Rome;
nor Keble, nor Herbert, nor a Kempis,
nor Madame Guyon, nor Law, nor mul-
titudes of his own communion. It is not
well to "beat" the market too much in
order to make our experience too ex-
traordinary.

We regret his omission of scientific
and other knowledge from the "all
things" which those who have an un-
ction from the Spirit know. They are
their ultimates all included. But these
defects are of his school and not of his
heart. They show him limited, as all
are. The work itself will cheer and
inbreath with heavenly love and lead
to the apprehension of the heights and
depths and lengths and breadths of the
love of God which passeth knowl-
edge.

Dr. Townsend's effort is of another
sort. It is not introspective and ex-
perimental, but Scriptural and doctrinal.
It is certainly a novelty in idea and
scope, and will prove a valuable help-
er to theological truth. If any ground
has been debatable, it is that of the in-
termediate state. The Bible uses oppo-
site expressions concerning it. Sometimes
it describes those there asleep,
sometimes as awake. Stephen "fell
asleep" since the fathers "fell asleep."
"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," he
hopefully and happily sing. It is not
annihilation, or sleep of the dead, or
Christ—He watching the sleeper till
He wakes him for, and in, the resurrec-
tion hour and glory.

On the other hand, many texts infer,
at least, the waking state of the happy
dead. "In Paradise," "To be with
Christ," and other such. Dr. Townsend
goes over these texts thoroughly, and
establishes his positions quite strongly.
There is a Gehenna Hades and a Para-
dise Hades. Souls enter either accord-
ing to earthly choice. If such choice
has not been made here, it is made in-
stantly on death. They never cross to
each other, though they may communi-
cate, as a man in prison can speak to
those without, if permitted, but cannot
come to him if his fate is forever fixed
on entering the prison. Nor can those
without enter the prison as prisoners;
and that is what all in Gehenna Hades
are. He shows very clearly that there
is no probationary or mixed state be-
yond the grave. He also proves by
Scripture that Gehenna and Paradise
proper follow the resurrection and are
eternal, each after its kind, the bodies
of the damned or saved entering each
with their souls, at that day. He shows
how easy is the transition from earth to
Hades, and makes death almost discon-
ceivable. Especially pretty is the conceit
that the eyes which fail first of all
senses here, are the first to open on that
realm.

This work and its immediate pre-
decessor, "Lost Forever," we esteem
of the highest value. They are fresh,
original studies of the mightiest prob-
lems addressed to the soul. They are
most timely. That which he considers
his chief work, "The God-Man," and
that which is his most popular work,
"Credo," are neither of them as valu-
able as these. "God-Man" is too theo-
retical; "Credo" too dismissed. These
are compact, logical, unified, Scriptural,
full of grace and truth. Buy and read
both of these rich books. They will do
you good, body and soul, now and for-
ever.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.
BY REV. J. B. GOULD.
MR. EDITOR: Though I have not re-
ported progress for some months, yet it
has been my privilege to visit interest-
ing localities and enjoy refreshing my
memory concerning those whose names
are immortal. Derbyshire and Leices-
tershire are very pleasant counties in the
centre of England, and I know of no ex-
cursion more charming than a drive over
their admirable macadamized roads,
with green hedges mapping off the
stoneless, luxuriant fields, and count-
less, gigantic trees, giving all a peculiar
finish.

One of the most pleasant, quiet and
Methodistically interesting spots is Cas-
tle Donington, on the borders of the
aforesaid counties. Donington Park is
of itself a place of rare attraction, but
is rendered doubly attractive from being
the residence of Lady Selina, Countess
of Huntingdon. Here she was known
as Lady Bountiful, and here she gathered
around her the Wesleys, Mr.
Whitefield, and other godly laborers and
friends, as also many of the nobility of
the land, most of whom cared but little
for religious things. Her husband's sis-
ter was among the first who came from
the seed sown here, and she declared as
to her experience that "since she had
known and believed on the Lord Jesus
Christ for life and salvation she had been
as happy as an angel."

The husband of Lady H. was advised
to interfere, but only requested her to
consult with Bishop Benson, his tutor in
former years. The good Bishop tried to
convince her of error. She pressed him
with Scripture and homilies, and urged
his responsibility, till he was ruffled and
rose to depart, bitterly lamenting he
had ever laid hands on George White-
field who had influenced her. "My
Lord," she said, "mark my words;
when you are on your dying bed that
will be one of the few ordinations that
will reflect upon with complacency." The
Bishop's conduct at the solemn hour
verified her prediction, for when near
his death he sent ten guineas to Mr.
W. as a token of regard and veneration,
and begged to be remembered by him
in his prayers. Bishop Benson's mon-
ument and a long inscription are in
Gloucester Cathedral, and it would have
been an honor to have added that he or-
dained one of the greatest and most elo-
quent men since the apostle Paul.

Dr. Southey, with partiality little to
his credit, has told the first part, but not
the ending of the story. In order to
throw a slur on Lady H., he says that
there was decided insanity in the family
(which was false), and says that "all
the arguments of the Bishop were inef-
fectual to bring her to a saner sense of
devotion." The spirit of the times is
shown by a letter from the Countess of
Buckingham to Lady H.: "I thank
your ladyship for the information con-
cerning the Methodist preachers. Their
doctrines are most repulsive and strong-
ly tainted with impudence and disre-
spect towards their superiors, in per-
petually endeavoring to level all ranks,
and do away with all distinctions. It
is monstrous to be told that you have a
heart as sinful as the common wretches
that crawl on the earth. This is highly
offensive and insulting, and I cannot but
wonder that your ladyship should relish
any sentiments so much at variance
with high rank and good breeding."

Mr. Wesley went out from Don-
ington Park for Yorkshire on a preaching
tour, and returning by way of Epworth,
was refused the pulpit of his father's
church by the new incumbent, David
Taylor, who traveled with him, gave
notice that Mr. W. would preach at six
o'clock. "Accordingly," he says, "I
came and found such a congregation as,
I believe, Epworth never saw before.
I stood near the east end of the church
upon my father's tomb-stone and cried,
"The kingdom of heaven is not meat
and drink," etc." (I have stood on that
tomb-stone with peculiar emotions and
thought of that scene.) From Ep-
worth Mr. Wesley returned to Don-
ington Park, made sacred by the influence
of such men as Dr. Watts, Young, Dod-
dridge, etc. Lady H. lies buried not
far away. Among her last words were,
"My work is done; I have nothing to do
but to go to my Father." We are thank-
ful that "such as these have lived and
died."

Donington Park was in those days one
of the bright religious spots of England.
Since that time another class of persons
has inherited it, notably the young Mar-
quis of Hastings, who died a few years
ago leaving a reputation for debauchery
and degradation which has not often
been matched among the aristocracy of
the land. The Hall has been rebuilt,
but the Park remains the same as for-
merly. It is wide-spread, beautifully
situated and adorned with thousands of
gigantic trees, many of which are hun-
dreds of years old, and no doubt, for a
century have shown signs of the decay
which has eaten out their immense
trunks and laid bare many of their
branches. The river Trent flows quietly
by the foot of the Hill, and the pros-

pect in the distance is unrivaled. We
have visited most of the cathedrals, cas-
tles, abbeys, and cities of England, but
there is nothing I enjoy better than the
sacred spots, such as Epworth, Don-
ington Park, Madeley, etc., where the great-
ly good have inscribed their names im-
perishably.

Donington Castle is so called because
of a castle which stood there in feudal
days, but it has entirely disappeared,
and only a slight mound now shows
where the proud battlements were for-
merly reared. It has given its name
to the little town, and here Dr. Beau-
mont was born. We have visited the
place frequently, and I have preached
to the good people and driven about
the lovely country till it forms a pic-
ture in memory that will live forever.
To know England one needs to step
aside from the great thoroughfares and
the chief cities, and visit the people in
their country homes, where the pleas-
antest rooms and the loveliest gardens
are on the side away from the streets,
and only accessible by an acquaintance
with the people. When the door is
opened and one enters in by friendly
invitation, there is no limit to the hos-
pitality and good cheer. But the av-
erage Englishman as a stranger draws
in his head, and answers questions in
monosyllables till he knows you.
These little villages are often the most
charming of all, and vie with
London or Liverpool in impressiveness.
Some of them are very old and have a
rare history, reminding one of the re-
ply of a cabman in Chester, who, when
asked how ancient that city was, said,
"It was always ancient, sir."

Americans by thousands are now fly-
ing over this island, taking hurried
views of the most prominent points,
and embarking for America. They
will go home with broader views of
life and themes for conversation that
will be of immense value; but if they
could carry a little and see life as it
really is, and get mellowed by the
spirit of a thousand years that has
brooded over the nooks and corners of
the land, it would be an experience of
greatly added joy. It is calming and
soothing, and is the element most
needed for such a hurrying race as the
American. To sit down beneath the
shadow of a stately old village church,
and look upon the quiet graves of
twenty generations, and the thatched
cottages which were old some hun-
dreds of years ago, and think how the
people have come and gone, been born,
married and died, and the centuries
have made few if any changes, it acts
like a lullaby to the tired traveler and
rests heart and brain. Stoke Pogis
Church and Grey's Elegy, written in
that church-yard, are always in my
mind when I visit such places, and
they quiet the hurry of life as nothing
else does. I appreciate all this the
more, as I came to England with a
shattered brain and throbbing nerves,
and longed for rest which I feared
would never come. But the equable
climate, the quiet retreats, the hospi-
tality of the people, and the cessation
from anxious mental toil, have made
me feel that it would be a luxury to
live a hundred years.

"IF I GO NOT AWAY."
BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

Ab, what an "if" is here! Christ
teaches that it was expedient for Him
to go—that it would be for the advan-
tage of His people and of the world at
large; and this teaching we all, of
course, receive with implicit con-
fidence. He who knew all things so
testified, and we receive and believe
His testimony.

But it is wondrously interesting to
think of His having remained here in-
stead of departing to heaven. Christ
on earth personally and always! Is it
not an idea unspeakably impressive
and beautiful? The Lord of glory, the
great Son of the Highest, ever and al-
ways on earth, and ever living, mov-
ing and acting among men. Glance
at this inspired picture: "And Jesus
went through all the cities and villages,
teaching and preaching the Gospel of
the kingdom, and healing all manner
of sickness and every disease among
the people."

Can we take in the scene? Can we
realize the beauty, the stupor of joy,
the heaven, that are here involved? Are
we listening to that momentous teach-
ing and preaching? Are we looking
upon those sick and dying people, and
sympathizing with their distressed and
weeping friends? And then are we
harkening to those blessed words of
healing, and looking as, one after
another, in quick succession, the lame
rise up and walk as others walk, the
blind open their astonished eyes and
look upon their astonished friends and
around upon the earth and sky and all
the glorious garment of nature, dis-
tressed and suffering ones are lifted
suddenly to delightful ease and rest,
the poor and crazed demoniac becom-
ing at once disenthralled, rational and
peaceful, the wretched dying ones,

already struggling for breath, called
back with words of heavenly music to
blissful life and strength and perfect
health?

What is all this? And were ever
scenes like this actually witnessed on
this planet? Truly, then, "How beau-
tiful upon the mountains are the feet
of Him that bringeth good tidings, that
publisheth peace!"

And now imagine scenes similar to
the above to be frequent along this vale
of tears, now in one city or village,
now in another; now on one continent
of the world, then on another, where-
ever the "beautiful feet" of the great
Deliverer might come. How great
would be the rejoicing with thousands
upon thousands! And then how wel-
come would His coming ever be. True,
there would be enemies and unbeliev-
ers as there used to be. Not all
would receive Him as He would come
to their shores. Multitudes as of old
would count Him an impostor and de-
ceiver of the people; but other mul-
titudes would receive Him and would
obtain power withal to become the
children of God; and with such how
supremely excellent would be the tid-
ings of His heavenly visitation! Is He
thousands of miles distant to-day? But
He is coming in a few days or weeks;
we shall see Him, we shall hear His
mighty works. He will enter our
doors and abide with us as with Zac-
cheus; we shall provide for Him as
did Martha; we shall sit at His feet as
did Mary; we shall walk with Him as
did the two on their way to Emmaus;
we shall converse with Him as did
Nicodemus; we shall look upon His
wounds as did Thomas; we shall con-
fess Him as did Peter, declaring,
"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the
living God!" A wonderful picture, in-
deed—this of Christ the Lord always
and personally somewhere on this
earth. An unspeakable blessing and
happiness to millions would that great
Presence be.

But there is something better and
actually existing among men; and
blessed are they who see and appreci-
ate it and rejoice in it!

"IT IS EXPEDIENT THAT I GO."
Yes, the personal presence of Christ
always on this earth is an idea of ex-
ceeding interest and beauty. Pleasant,
indeed, would it have been to hear
of Him as being in Jerusalem, in Calcutta,
in Pekin and Canton, St. Petersburg
and Rome, Paris and London, and that,
presently, He would be in New York
and various other American cities—
still, as of old, going about doing good,
still healing the bodies and souls of
multitudes.

But such an arrangement was not
expedient, was not the best arrange-
ment, however glorious in thought it
may appear. "If I go not away,"
saith He, "the Comforter will not
come; but if I go, I will send Him unto
you." A promise this "exceeding
great and precious;" and so, departing,
He charged His chosen apostles to tarry
at Jerusalem till they should be endued
with power from on high. Nor was
this great endowment to be long de-
layed, but was to be accomplished in
its fullness "not many days hence."

And thus the great Christ went
away, as was expedient and best; and
when, in the upper air, He was no
longer in sight, nor would be again at
present, then these chosen men re-
turned from Bethany to Jerusalem;
not, it would seem, to resume their
secular avocations, but to "wait for
the promise of the Father." Reaching
the city, they all ascended into an up-
per room, and there with the brothers
of Jesus, His mother, and other women,
they unitedly continued in prayer and
supplication. Presently the day of
Pentecost was fully come—the great
day of the Spirit's outpouring, long be-
fore predicted by the prophet Joel—
the promised power from on high.

Ever since that day has the Holy
Spirit of God been abroad among men
as never before. He is with men in-
stead of the personal presence of Christ
himself. In other words, Christ, the
almighty Saviour of lost men, is, by
His Spirit, everywhere present with His
disciples in whatever part of the world
they may be—in the midst, wherever
two or three are gathered together in
His name. This, for several rea-
sons, by far the better and wiser ar-
rangement. It has crushed forever
that popular Jewish notion of a worldly
kingdom of the Messiah, and His per-
sonal reign over that kingdom, hierar-
chy subduing all other kingdoms un-
der His temporal sway. On the other
hand, it has demonstrated to all gen-
erations that His kingdom on this earth
is no territorial or visible arrangement,
but a great kingdom of hearts, a king-
dom within the very souls of men, for-
ever begetting therein righteousness,
peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Thus, in this grand spiritual king-
dom, the King in His beauty is ever
present—not most of the time absent
from the great body of His disciples,
as, in the nature of things, He must be
were His reign a personal one. He is

not away from me somewhere in Eu-
rope, or Asia, or on some far-off island
of the sea; but He is always where I
am, always with me, always in me,
the "hope of glory." True, we can-
not see Him with these eyes. Person-
ally, He is beyond that cloud which
hung, that day, over Bethany. Yet
having not seen we love Him, in
whom, though now we see Him not,
yet believing we rejoice with joy un-
speakable. This is better. "Thomas,
because thou hast seen, thou hast be-
lieved. Blessed are they who have
not seen, and yet have believed."

As to the Lord's personal presence,
that is away somewhere where the
great multitude are that have died in
the Lord, where Paul longed to go
and be with Him, where all living
disciples will go when the blessed an-
gels come to carry them away. There
they will see Him as He is—see Him
no longer by faith, but as they will see
one another; see Him perpetually, not
occasionally; see Him not through a
glass darkly, but face to face; see Him
amid the songs of eternal salvation and
the glorious illuminations of immorta-
lity.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

A fierce wind sweeps over the lawn
in early spring. It smites a trellis to
the ground, and bears to the ground
with it the vine that clung to its too
frail support for safety. In the morn-
ing gentle hands raise it tenderly, and
disentangle it, and endeavor to recover
it from its fall, and perhaps succeed.
They console. So the divine love comes
to those who are smitten to the earth
by sorrow, and lifts them up, and re-
covers them from what seemed to be
the death of all their hope and life.
But a sister vine, trained to a neighbor-
ing oak, God-planted, not hand-made,
clings the closer in the blast, and when
the morning sun breaks through the
clouds, and the birds come out to their
morning praise-meeting, the vine that
was comforted by the oak needs no con-
solation; for its leaves are greener, and
its buds more full of hope and promise,
and its whole life invigorated by the
cleansing tempest. Blessed is he who
so clings to the Holy Comforter in the
time of trouble that the storm is to him
but a new occasion for verifying the
greatness of the manifold grace of God,
and a new interpretation and fulfillment
of His promise, "I will never leave thee
nor forsake thee." He that is thus com-
forted of God in His sorrow needs not
to be consoled of God after his sorrow.
—Christian Union.

There is a terrible outcry at the pre-
sent day against long sermons, long
prayers, long hymns, long readings from
the Scripture. And justly so. Nothing
is more fatal to a perfect mental repro-
duction of the thought or feeling pre-
sented to an audience than its excessive
presentation. But did our readers ever
think that there is another side to this
matter—that the sermon, the prayers,
the hymns, the reading from the Scrip-
ture, may, quite as easily, be too short
as too long? It takes time to secure a
perfect mental photograph. No instan-
taneous process has yet been patented
there. The preacher must hold his
thought before his hearers—not too long
but long enough to secure, by a
gradual increase of mental activity, its
accurate and complete reproduction.
Happy, indeed, is he who knows just
when to stop. He has mastered the
most difficult department in the art of
sacred rhetoric. —Examiner and Chroni-
cle.

We are glad to see that our editors
and public men are more and more dis-
posed to calculate the enormous outlays
required by the overwhelming liquor
monopoly, and to compare them with
the expenditures for the necessities of
life and for those things that minister
to the real elevation and well-being of
the people. It is a one-sided question.
Reason, conscience, political economy,
social and civil considerations, all pro-
nounce the liquor traffic as wasteful,
corrupting, and destructive of all ma-
terial and moral interests, and the verdict
will yet be pronounced against the mon-
ster evil. The Raleigh Observer, in es-
timating that North Carolina pays \$8,500,
900 for its liquor, while it only gives
about \$1,000,000 for education and \$293,
830 for religion, logically infers that its
people "think eight times as much of
whiskey as they do of education, and
thirty-two times as much of whiskey as
they do of Christian faith." Will Intel-
ligent people long submit to such a dis-
graceful anomaly? —Christian Weekly.

There is no end of inconsistent peo-
ple, and as we write they come trooping
all around us. And this one thing is
certain—Inconsistent people do harm
wherever they may go. Their talk is
sometimes as the eagle's flight; their
walk is on the earth. The more we
study them the more puzzled we be-
come. We know that some of them are
good and

The Family.

OUR ANGELS.

In Memoriam.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—MATTHEW XVIII, 10.

[These unpretentious lines are affectionately inscribed, as a pastoral souvenir, to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Whitaker, whose three household angels—first Willie, then Charlie, and last of all Nellie, who died September 6, 1878, aged 7 months and 11 days—have slipped from their embrace into the quiet of the everlasting silences.]

In heaven are angels that always, they say,
Do infants of days and dear children be-
hold, and look in the face of the Father of day,
To keep and to bless all the lambs of the fold;

Dear angels, whose beautiful tenderness
seems,
When seen, as around us together they stand,
Like fairies, bright-visioned in splendor of dreams,
Just come from the groves of the glorified land.

God's angels, in heaven, do watch and do wait,
As angels of ours, in our homes, come and go;
These angels they bear to the "beautiful gate,"
Away from temptation and trouble and woe;

Such angels we had, whom the Father had given,
To cradle awhile with the full of our love,
Till one after one they all slipped into heaven,
To rest in the arms of the Shepherd above.

We think of them still, these dear angels, as ours,
Our darlings, departed, so bright and so fair,
Like birds flown away to the Paradise bowers,
To visions of glory and sweet-scented air;

Their angels no longer with tender regard,
In heaven the face of the Father behold,
For Jesus the gates of the city unbarred,
And welcomed them all to His sheltering fold.

That fold is the safest, away from all sin,
And kinder the care which the Shepherd doth give,
While warmed in His bosom, that wraps them within,
Dear babes of our love, broken loose from our arms,

While fondly to hold them we trembled with bliss,
Escaped from this world and from all its alarms,
Far better our babes in that world than in this.

In heaven are angels that always, they say,
The All Father's face do implore be-
hold; Bright angels that shine in the sheen of that day,
Which decks all the land with its glory of gold.

These babes of our hearts may be angels up there,
As fair as e'er fluttered a pinion of light;
For us on the earth they may constantly care,
And Godward may look to direct us aright.

O angels of ours that have flown into day,
And left us in sorrow to mourn and to wait,
Still look in the face of the Father, we pray,
And watch till we come to the "beautiful gate;"

Not long shall we travel this dangerous road,
Not long shall we weep with our faces awry,
For soon we shall reach that celestial abode,
And rest, with our babes, in the bliss of the sky.

TESTIMONY MEETING.

REPORTED BY M. E. W.

Dr. Palmer.—The name of Jesus never sounded sweeter to me than it does to-day. I thank Him for the word "finished" which I have just read. He came to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies. Has He done that for you? If you are not delivered, what is the reason? I find a salvation all the way along just suited to my necessities. The King's highway is a pleasant way, and the unclean do not pass over it.

Mrs. Palmer.—Paul desired to have perfected Churches, and I praise God for providing a perfect salvation. My heart is nerved with new courage to prove its power, and it seems only reasonable that sensible people should prove it also. The hindrances are all under the power of the Deliverer.

A Sister.—"It is finished," has rested much on my mind of late—that precious word, finished before the foundation of the world. I have glorified God through tears; His voice said to me, "Go bury thy sorrow," and I buried it all in Jesus.

Another.—My cup runneth over; my heart is unutterably full of the glory of God; I am unutterably blessed with all the fullness of love, and I glory so much in our Lord Jesus Christ, that He ever stooped so low as to pick me up. How good it is to be so blessed and to dwell with our lives hid with Christ in God! The rest that remaineth I find it so—a rest from sin, from vanity, from pride, while in and around us all is God.

Brother More.—Faith is the grave of all care, the end of doubt and perplexity. We are sanctified by the prayer of Christ, and faith can just apprehend it. All is done, and we have just calmly to rest upon it. Jesus came to save us and to make us holy; the title and fitness are both by Him. He gives us the kingdom and the preparedness to reign. We may have the sense of purity even here, and my own constant experience is something which men cannot deny.

Brother Sanborn.—For years I had a great desire for something that I did not know how to get. But I found there

was a better way than praying for it. The truth shall make you free, and faith cometh by hearing. I stood upon the unalloyed Word of God; the Spirit took of the things of Christ, and I let Him lead. Then arose faith to move the mountain of sin within me, and a great clearing out. Glory be to Him who gave me the victory after ten years! It has been camp-meeting with me all the year round ever since. If you want faith you must become acquainted with God in His Word.

A Brother.—I have always been to one camp-meeting every summer. I looked forward to one this year, but could not get there; yet to my surprise I was kept quiet and peaceful, without disappointment, and I see that this was a blessing in the guise of a trial. I am at rest in the calmness and peace of God, as a babe on its mother's bosom.

Another.—I wish to place on record all that the grace of God has done for me. On the 18th of July last, I experienced a new baptism from heaven, like that at my conversion, November 7th, only stronger. I don't run to others for help now; I live a life of complete independence, complete surrender, and complete trust in Jesus.

A German Brother.—I can't speak well your language, but love constrains me to say, "Mighty to save."

Dr. Sec.—That one expression has mightily taken me: "Mighty to save"—mighty to do all of it. We don't save ourselves. He is mighty to save you and me, for it is all personal; each has his white stone, separating us forever unto Him who is "mighty to save," and it is a *carte blanche* for all other blessings. There is no other standard but this: He does it. On every mile-stone of my life is the Lord. Jesus will take all that you let drop if you will just leave the responsibility where it belongs.

A Sister.—The truth makes me a free woman to-day, standing in perfect freedom before God, perfect in Jesus. God wipes away all my tears of sorrow, but I shed tears of tenderness and obedience. I am a pillar in the house of my God.

Sister Brown.—I am careful without care. I do know that I am saved to the uttermost; and we live holiness when we have this evidence. The love of Christ much more abounds in my heart, leading me to places where even sin would never lead me, to seek and save the lost.

Another Sister.—Our senior bishop has passed away; thousands of others have crossed the flood, and we are on the way. I can testify to the glory of God that all fear has been taken away—all fear of death, all fear of men, all fear of sin. I am a witness for that. I certainly shall get across the flood; and will it not be something to tell them when they "crown Him Lord of all?"

Another.—Four and a half years ago, in a convention, I was drawn closer to Jesus by the sight of His "mighty love," and learned the way of simple faith. I find that the more I trust in God the more He helps me. I stand upon the promises of God, which are yea and amen to every one that believes them. He sanctifies me through the truth; He opens the way beautifully when I trust Him wholly, and assures me that there is always more to follow.

Dr. Dunn.—I have often thought of the surpassing love Jesus showed in His wonderful prayer for His disciples. They were such very weak and imperfect brothers; they were troubled at His actions—did not understand His words, and rebuked His purposes; yet He speaks of them in a wonderful way: "They are Thine;" "they are not of the world;" "they have loved Thy name;" "I have loved them." Terms and epithets of endearment are employed with lavishness, and so I think because of that infinite love, there is some chance for me. Those disciples were not what they ought to be, not what they might be, not what they would be; yet He prayed that they might be sanctified, and that His truth might be the instrument and basis of the work. In His love He was sanctified, set apart to scourging, hunger, temptation and death, in order that He might sanctify us; that the Holy Ghost might come and transform and transfigure us into His own image. I have been greatly impressed with the consecration of vessels and priests for the sanctuary. First the blood was sprinkled upon them. Then the anointing of oil was applied to the same parts. We need both the cleansing of blood and the anointing of oil on us. We can all have them—all of God's children—and there is no exception. Jesus prayed for all, and thus we are united with the saints of all ages. I met a man with a little penknife which he had drawn across a loadstone fifty years ago, which draws needles still, so let us be steeped in the loadstone of Jesus' love, and we shall forever attract each other. The reason of most of the divisions in the Church is, because it does not get close enough to the loadstone. Jesus is the loadstone.

Sept. 19.

MRS. HART'S ECONOMY.

"I want to show you some undergarments I've been having made lately," said Mrs. Hart to her friend Mrs. Secor. "Such exquisite sewing, and all hand-work, too, and I got them for next to nothing. Did you ever see anything finer than this ruffling and tucking?"

The ladies were sitting in Mrs. Hart's sunny front chamber. It was in perfect order, and everything about it indicated the union of good taste with the possession of money. The furniture was costly, the carpet and rugs were rich, and

the fluted pillow-shams on the elegant bed, of the finest linen, edged with lace. As Mrs. Hart opened a drawer and took from it the newly-made clothing of which she had spoken, she went on to say:—

"If your wardrobe needs replenishing, Jenny, now is your time. The woman who did these for me is desperate poor, and will be thankful to work at your own price. She offered to make these for twenty cents apiece. I would never have thought of naming less than fifty to her myself, and I have paid eighty cents and a dollar to Miss Gilmore, for work less nicely done. But when she offered, I concluded she knew her own business best, and I jumped at the chance. I can tell you."

Mrs. Secor looked at the elegant dressing-sacques and other articles of clothing which her friend was proudly displaying. They were faultlessly done. But she uttered not a word for some moments, and the deepening flush on her cheeks and the light in her brown eyes told very plainly what she thought of her friend's economy. Mrs. Hart, however, suspected nothing, and went on chatting fluently.

"Have you bought your new fall hat yet, Jenny? No! Then you must see mine. I found it at Hillier's yesterday. Of course, I had to pay an immense price, for Madame charges extra for her style; but that made no difference. I tell you, when she finds I suit, that I spend at one end, I save at another, and she knows I never exceed the amount we have thought it right to limit ourselves to. This bonnet, now, cost twenty dollars; but there isn't a prettier one in our church, nor will there be this season."

"Twenty dollars, for a piece of French felt, a little velvet, a feather, and a cluster of autumn leaves! six would amply cover the actual cost of everything. Matilda, and you have willingly given the other fourteen—for what?"

"Why, your dear little goose, for the composition, the artistic combination, the effect. A woman's bonnet is the most important part of her dress; it is the head-piece of her costume, and she looks like elegant things away; and the lady surveyed her dainty self in the mirror, and glanced complacently around her well-appointed room.

"Twenty dollars for the hat, and twenty cents for all the stitches that have gone into this elaborate secured stitches, too, I'm afraid, Matilda. How very, very hard the poor fingers had to toil for that poor twenty cents. It don't look like much, does it?"

As she spoke she took two silver dimes from her little purse, and held them up to the light. "It was all the woman asked, dear," said Mrs. Hart positively. "If she had wanted more, would she not have said so? Surely she knew what she could afford to work for; I, on my part, employed her really out of charity. I had no need of more things at present, and I let her do them only because the terms were so reasonable. She is a good sewer, and if I had been selfish, I would have kept her all to myself. Now if you go and offer her more than she demands, Jenny Secor, you will do an unkindly thing, and hurt her prospects too, for I intend at once to send her Edie's new shirt-waists to make, and when spring comes she shall have all of Adela's aprons and skirts, if she continues to please me."

"Where does she live?" asked Mrs. Secor.

"At No. 12 Harvard Street. It's a poky part of the city to go to. Lewis never likes me to venture into those tenement regions alone. But she'll be here to-night and I'll send her in to see you. I have no doubt she can embroider, and Cornelia might let her help on her trousseau. I am glad I told you about her."

"What did you say her name was?" said Mrs. Secor.

"I did not say it at all, but it is Ella MacBride. She has a little sister in the Home, and that's where I met her. Being a manager I see a good many poor people on board days."

"Matilda, I am going to visit Ella MacBride, and find out for myself what sort of a home she lives in, and what sort of food she can buy at the prices you tell me satisfies her. Will you accompany me? You are known as a benevolent woman, and you ought to make visits among the poor."

"I must beg to be excused, Mrs. Secor," said Mrs. Hart with decision. "I consented to give my name and influence to the Home, as my pastor asked me to do so; but I never intended to venture into places which are unfit for ladies, nor to engage in any Quixotic schemes. My duties lie mainly at home, and to leaving her friend she stopped a car which was going to the river, near which the thronged home of Harvard Street were to be found. Homes! The name seems sadly misapplied to houses in which hundreds of human beings are crowded closer than cattle, in which there is no privacy, no opportunity for the cultivation of delicacy, no room for thrift or good house-keeping to display itself. Once used as the residences of respectable merchants, the houses which Mrs. Secor came to had fallen from their high estate. Year and year ago the former owners had moved up-town, the wave of fashion sending them far from a locality which had once been choice and aristocratic. By degrees they had sunk from the abodes of respectability to the dwellings of small slops, to the dwellings of the lowest laboring class whose precarious living is from hand to mouth. They had one advantage over the modern tenement-house, and one only. That consisted in their solidity. The halls were wide, the stairs were strong, and on smooth pine floor and ornate ceiling there was still the old stamp of gentility and thoroughness."

The door of No. 12 stood open. A dejected-looking man with a pipe in his mouth sat on the steps. A frowzy woman with her shawl drawn over her head and a babe in her arms, was standing behind him, apparently scolding. She ceased the torrent of her obnoxious remarks as the pleasant-faced lady approached and inquired if the MacBrides lived there.

"Top floor, back room," was the brief reply.

Mrs. Secor picked her steps carefully through the hall and up the dirt-stairs. She encountered half-naked children, clamorous and quarrelling, nearly smothered over a little fellow lying sound

asleep in the highest passage, and was eyed suspiciously by a gaunt and savage-looking cat, who glared at her as she pushed him aside. Mrs. Secor disliked cats, but she pitied this one, for it seemed very lonely.

Knocking at the specified door, a querulous voice bade her enter. Close to the small window at a delicate-looking young woman, sewing with nervous haste. She scarcely glanced from her work, but left the task of entertaining to her mother, who was bending over the small stove as if to coax it into the warm glow from its feeble fire. The room was very bare but very clean, and the dress of both mother and daughter, though this and old, was extremely neat. One evidence of refinement struck the quick eye of the visitor. A spot of magnanimity in bloom stood on a shelf where the light could fall upon it, and its sweetness was lavished as generously in that poor abode as it could have been in the most palatial mansion.

"Miss MacBride," said Mrs. Secor, "you will excuse my intrusion when I tell you that I have come on a matter of business. I have seen the work you are doing for my friend Mrs. Hart, and I wish to engage you to sew for me. Can you operate on a machine?"

"I can," replied the girl, "but I have none of my own. I have never been able to get one."

"I should prefer your coming to my house. I will give you one dollar and a half per day, and for the present I think I must say that I will have work to employ you steadily for the next six weeks, for my niece is to be married, and there is a great deal of sewing to be done for her."

Such a gleam of joy as lighted up the pale face and flashed into the weary eyes! Such an immense thankfulness for a moment altered its whole expression! Then she let her work fall on her lap and burst into tears.

"Indeed, madam, you don't know how we've needed money. My little boy has a place in a store. He gets enough to pay the rent. Ella has walked the streets till her poor feet were raw, and her winter shoes were long gone, and nobody would give her any till your friend agreed to try her, and the price was so small that it has nearly killed her to work at it. But it was better far than the shops would give. 'Think of a dozen ladies' wrappers at twelve cents apiece, and shirts at five cents each.'"

"The time work she has been putting on these garments at twenty cents, amounting to more labor than that, Mrs. MacBride. It is not wise to make one's self too cheap, for if you have no skill, you are certain to suffer after a while to get properly remunerated."

Mrs. Hart would have given more if her daughter had asked it.

"No, madam," she said, "I have no money to give. I have only my own hands to offer. I have no money to give. I have only my own hands to offer."

"To-morrow morning," answered Mrs. Secor, laying her card on the table. "Be at my house at eight, and you can take breakfast before you begin. I will give you breakfast and dinner, and you can come home to supper with your mother."

Neither meat, nor tea, nor coffee, nor milk had been possible to the MacBrides in some time. Potatoes, meal, and molasses had been their diet. A few days of good food and steady work in Mrs. Secor's sunny, airy house, wrought a great change in the looks of the seamstress, and ere long she was able to remove to better apartments. Mrs. Secor had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

She had no more need of her employment for her from other friends, and as the winter deepened, and the poor suffered more bitterly, she multiplied her errands of charity, and tried harder than ever to find ways and means of helping those who were in distress.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

BY REV. D. B. HOLY.

After reading, in a recent HERALD, the article entitled, "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters," by Rev. R. H. Howard, I recalled two quite interesting cases of answers to prayer, which I give, hoping the perusal of them may stimulate others to greater faith in prayer. Each of these circumstances was related to me by the persons most intimately concerned in them, and I can vouch for their truthfulness. One, by the wife of a professor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, is as follows:—

A few years ago, when living in another State, her husband was engaged in a business that sometimes took him from home for several days at a time. One night, when he was away on one of these trips, their little daughter, an only child, was taken very ill. Alarmed by the symptoms, and being alone and not knowing what to do, she felt an intense desire for her husband to come home. This desire became so violent that she was, at length, led to pray for his return. That night the husband, who was weary by a long drive, had given up his plan of reaching home, and had taken lodging about twenty miles away. But in the night he awoke with a strong feeling that he ought to go home, and that he was needed there. This impression was so vivid that he arose, harnessed his horse, and drove home to find that he was indeed urgently needed.

The other incident, related only a short time ago, I will give as nearly as possible in the lady's own words:—

"In the first years of our married life," said she, "my husband usually worked in the woods winters, leaving some one to care for the stock and do the other necessary chores. One winter, when my oldest son was about a year old, my husband went away, leaving a young man (a relative) to do the work in his absence. During the whole of the first day I kept thinking of family prayers and whether or not I could perform that duty before this man, who was an unbeliever and skeptic. It seemed a great cross, and sometimes I thought I couldn't take it up, and then again that I would; but at night, after putting my little one to rest, it occurred to me that he might awake and cry while I was praying; and I wondered what I should do. Making this an excuse, I failed to perform the duty."

"When about to retire I noticed that the child breathed strangely, and, on examination, I found his throat badly swollen. Diphtheria, then raging, and was very fatal. Instantly the thought came to me that I had placed my boy before my duty to God, and now He would take him from me. Terrified by the thought, I fell on my knees and besought God to spare my child, promising to faithfully perform every duty. On going to the bedside in a few minutes, I found the child breathing easily and naturally, and that the swelling, also, was entirely gone."

Now, who will say that in the first instance, in answer to the prayer of the wife and mother, God did not impress upon the husband the conviction that he ought to go home, and also induce him to yield to his conviction? And, in the last case, that God, in answer to prayer, did not remove the disease that was fastening itself upon the child? These are only two instances out of thousands showing that God does hear and answer prayer. "Ask, and ye shall receive," are the words spoken by Christ, and they are verified again and again in our lives.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MADE BETTER OR WORSE.

BY EUGENE L. BANGS.

We often hear the expression, a "hard boy," and we all know what it means. When a boy breaks the Sabbath, and almost breaks the heart of a dear mother by doing wicked things, and keeps getting worse and worse, we say he is hardened. It is not strange that some who hear excellent preaching grow better, while others who hear the same preaching grow worse from week to week? Will some of the children who come to Sunday-school and hear the blessed truths there taught, be made better by what they hear, while others who listen to the same truths will be hardened? I fear it may be so.

This seems strange, but let us see if we cannot find something like it elsewhere. You all love the bright sunshine. You see it, in the morning, driving back the darkness, painting the mountain-tops with gold, and bringing the farms and villages out to view, just as a painter, with the light touches of his rapid brush, brings out the different parts of a grand picture, only God paints His morning pictures faster and far better than man can paint anything. Well, what else does the sunshine do? the same sunshine that reveals the beauties of the landscape and that makes of mist and cloud such wondrous scenery? Every boy knows what cider is—and would that every boy were wise enough to let it alone! He knows that if it stands long in the bright sunshine it will grow sour, and the longer the sun shines upon it, the sourer it will grow. What boy has not seen and tasted sap, of which maple sugar is made? Let the sun shine on that, and the longer it shines the sweeter the sap will become.

Now, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, that is taught to the children in the Sunday-school, is just like the rich,

warm sunshine. It is the light of the world. It comes to every heart, and whether welcomed or not, it does something wherever it goes. It never fails to produce some effect. It makes many dear children far sweeter and better than it finds them, just as the sunshine makes the sap sweeter. But some it hardens. They are like the apple-juice, that sunshine and warmth only turn into vinegar. We cannot change the nature of apple-juice so that sunshine will make it sweeter, as it does sap; but God can change the human heart, and He will do it for all who ask Him. And when He has done that, when the little boy or girl has a new heart, God's truth will be sunshine indeed to such, and will make them sweeter and better as long as it shines on them.

CATCHING A MEN.

The moment the minister arrives to dine with the rustic deacon, whose babes are too young to have nimble heels, the grove head of the house is beckoned into the kitchen and commissioned to catch a hen for the dinner. Of course the good brother would rather sit quoting creeds, and plying the parson with Biblical logic, but at such a time it does not answer to dally in the parlor and bother the cook. So he gets his hat and studds out, with the grim resolve to make it hot and sanguinary for that fat fowl. A cool man, with philosophy in his bones, would saunter around among those chickens, whistling careless tunes, and keeping his artful eye alert for a chance to tap a hen on the head with a stick. Not so our vexed husbandman; girding up his athletic loins, he singles out the longest-legged pullet and charges down upon it full tilt. The hen stands not upon the order of her going, but darts through space with the wild whizz of a two-forty racer; the deacon cords up his tense muscles, flashes fire out of the tail of his eye, gets down to his very best paces, and comes sweating and swooping after. They turn quick corners, sail around the wood-pile, oblique across-lots, and make such a hoarse racket behind the barn that you would think a young cyclone was on the rampage. At last the soaring chicken droops in its jaded gait, and the red-hot pillar of the Church reels in his shoes, and gets so wobbly in his joints that the good wife skips out in the very nick of the crisis, and puts a period to the chase by tangling up that pullet in a quick durt of her apron. Of course the exasperated old presbyter is in about as mild a mood as a Modee when he is lifting pioneer scalps, and if the worthy pastor of the parish know half the tribulation it cost to catch that hen, he would not be so complacent in sniffing up the fragrance of his juicy bones. Blessed is that dear old soul who can juggle a hen out of her fathers without getting a twitch in his temper!

Interlude.

FUN AND FACT.

.... What is that which never asks any questions but requires many answers? The street-door.

.... "You seem to walk more erect than usual," my friend said. "Yes, I have been strained by circumstances."

.... The Cincinnati Enquirer's "Essay on Man" is in one canto, as follows:—

"Man's a vapor,
Full of woes,
And he goes."

.... A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars."

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks by sorrow made;
Stronger by trial, wiser, men become,
As they draw nearer their eternal home.
Weaned from this world, a brighter light descends,
And press with firmer step to joys on high!

.... There is no bitter word than seeking for a departed Christ—departed and gone, because He has been driven away.—Parker.

.... As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.—Dr. Guthrie.

.... During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification cause?" he replied: "When you pop the question and are answered 'No!'"

.... There are seventeen sculptors and painters from the United States now residing in Rome," read Mrs. Bemis from the newspaper. "I'm glad to hear it, Bemis!" "No wonder I couldn't get a painter to whitewash that shed."

.... "Yes, I know," said a seedy genius, "that Whiskey told Cromwell to 'find a way out' of the Cromwell building it out, away, and I wish I knew where he dug it, so I could pick it up."

.... Teacher—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" (The class appear uncertain.) Teacher—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six pounds of beef?" Small boy—triumphantly—"Mince pies!"

.... Richest and Poorest.
Richest are they
That live for Christ so well,
The longest day
Would scarce suffice to tell
In what wide ways their benefactions fell.

Poorest are they
That live to self so true,
Their longest day
Brings but such good to view
As they may need self's service to pursue.—Congregationalist.

.... One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal. He writes: "I hope, my Lord, if you ever come within a mile of my house you will stay there all night."

.... A gentleman once went to hear a woman preach. Her text was: "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh"—from which followed an excellent sermon.

.... "One half of the world don't know how the other half live!" exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it; it isn't your fault if they don't know."

.... At one of his concerts, Leopold de Meyer executed a very brilliant composition on the piano, which, however, required a vast display of physical force. After its conclusion, the Archduke came up to thank the artist, and said: "I have listened to Thalberg," (a howl from de Meyer), "I have heard Liszt," (another howl); "but neither the one nor the other," (another howl), "certainly surpassed as much as you have."

.... In a Paris restaurant a gentleman and a snob are seated at the same table. The snob is just finishing his dinner, the gentleman just beginning his.

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, October 1.

The national debt was reduced during September by \$2,000,000.

The yellow fever and malarial fever on a railroad train which left for New Orleans a day or two ago, and was crowded with refugees from the water-logging places along the way. Before the train reached New Orleans there were 103 cases.

British India continues its warlike preparations.

The Turkish dollar has depreciated in value till it is now worth only 31 cents.

Discoveries have been made that Washington has been peculiarly exposed to the yellow fever plague, the sewage having spread itself over hundreds of acres of marshes near the city.

Wednesday, October 2.

The fever plague in the South is attacking the rural districts, but is assuming a milder type, and the mortality is decreasing.

George Bancroft, the historian, was thrown from his carriage at Newport yesterday, and severely injured.

The Grand Jury of New York yesterday presented the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad as a nuisance. The case will go to the Legislature.

The American Board of Foreign Missions met yesterday at Milwaukee.

Prince Bismarck is strongly opposed to the proposed limitation of the Socialist bill to two and a half years.

Thursday, October 3.

The City of Glasgow Bank has failed, with liabilities amounting to \$50,000,000.

The Southern epidemic is on the increase, owing to warm weather.

A sweeping Republican victory in Colorado is announced.

Gov. Rice has answered Gov. Hampton's insulting letter sharply and sent his letter back to him.

Friday, October 4.

A gang of fourteen counterfeiters, with their plates and tools, have been captured in Kentucky. Their operations have been extensive.

The yellow fever finds fresh victims among the thousands who are returning to New Orleans in the hope that the worst is over.

A large prairie fire in the Red River Valley has destroyed thousands of tons of hay.

Hon. William Claflin has been unanimously re-nominated for Congress from the Eighth (Mass.) district.

Saturday, October 5.

Potter, Nelson & Co., ship owners and colonial merchants, have suspended; liabilities three millions of dollars.

The Supreme Court of Virginia has decided that while and colored persons cannot lawfully intermarry, and has recently found a colored man \$500 for marrying a white woman in the District of Columbia in 1874.

The sale of U. S. bonds in Europe has nearly ceased, owing to the financial depression in that country.

Monday, October 7.

There have been 39 deaths by yellow fever and 122 new cases in New Orleans reported during the last twenty-four hours. Forty thousand additional rations are to be distributed by order of the government.

The negro insurrection in Santa Cruz is very serious. Gunboats have been ordered to proceed thither immediately.

The Cheyennes are committing horrible outrages east of Denver.

A detailed special dispatch to the *American* from South Carolina shows the persistent and violent efforts to destroy the Republican party organization, the interference of armed men who were the State union to prevent the Republican convention, and the countenance to their measures of Senator Butler and Gov. Hampton.

"The evidence laid before an organized movement in progress in South Carolina to crush out the Republican organization by force, and that Wade Hampton, in face of all his promises, gives it countenance, if not active support." The administration has at last moved, and Attorney General Devens has issued a proclamation.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ayer.—Rev. S. H. Nason, pastor of the M. E. Church at A., writes the following appeal in behalf of the Sunday-school at West Groton: "God is giving us success in our work in West Groton, and we have succeeded in gathering an interesting and prosperous Sabbath-school. We greatly need a library, however. Should this meet the eye of any superintendent or Sabbath school worker in whose schools there is a library which has been used, and which they would be willing to dispose of, I should like to correspond with them." Address as above.

RHODE ISLAND.

Mathewson Street Church finds great satisfaction in the use of the new hymnal.

Brother Francis Bourne has made an offer to the Bristol Church of the generous sum of \$1,000 in aid of the fund to build a parsonage. Blessings on the heads of our liberal laymen who seek to provide comfortable abodes for homeless itinerants!

Arrangements are being made for a missionary demonstration in Providence some time in December. One of the Bishops, one of the missionary secretaries, and a prominent New York layman are among the parties who will conduct the meetings.

Greenwich Academy has seldom had so much religious interest during the first month of a term as it has the present year—students having sought the Saviour. Nearly all the lady pupils are Christians.

The Mathewson Street Church has secured the services of Professor Hastings, of Greenwich, as director of its music. He has formed a chorus of some forty members.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gilman.—Two were baptized by immersion, Sept. 29, and three were received into full fellowship with the M. E. Church, by the pastor, Rev. J. Cairns.

Manchester Centre.—Rev. G. C. Noyes, the pastor, writes: "The M. E. church in this place is being painted and newly shingled—something much needed, the old shingles having been laid over forty-five years. For the past three months there has been a steady religious interest. Eight have been baptized, and thirteen have joined the Church. Others are expected to unite at the next communion."

VERMONT.

The new church at White River Junction is fast approaching completion. The brethren hope to have it ready for occupancy next month. It will be remembered that the hall in which they worshipped was burned a few weeks ago. The Episcopal Church kindly offered the use of their house the day of the fire, so that the F. E. and the M. E. Churches are worshipping together for the time being. Why not?

We are pleased to learn that the health of Brother R. H. Barton, of Newport Centre, is so far improved that he is able to occupy his pulpit again. Indeed, he is planning for a vigorous fall and winter campaign.

The last quarterly meeting at Swanton was said to be the best held there for years. The Presiding Elder was at his best, and the Lord was with his people. The love-feast was excellent, and the communion service most precious. The pastor baptized five persons.

The students at our Seminary this term are of an unusually fine grade, and excellent work is being done by both teachers and scholars; and, best of all, five or six have been happily converted.

At West Fairlee and Ely the indications are most hopeful. Both heads of a family have recently been converted, and several other persons are seeking the Lord. The entire community seems moved.

At Ely the congregation has outgrown the church building and an immediate enlargement is in contemplation. Of course, the pastor, Brother P. M. Frost, is happy.

Peacham is prospering finely in the hands of Brother W. S. Jenne, whom the Conference recently elected on probation last spring. Several have been seeking the Lord and have been baptized; and several disaffected members have returned to their old relations and activities.

Our politics are strangely "mixed" this year; but our legislature, which met last Wednesday, did a creditable thing when it elected Brother H. P. Cushing, of East Burke, its chaplain by a *vice versa* vote.

Brother Cushing's many friends will be glad to learn this fact. H. A. S.

GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

The new hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been introduced into the chapel service of Baldwin University, and is universally acceptable.

Rev. J. F. Newman, D. D., of New York, has been chosen as one of the Cornell University preachers for the coming year.

Mr. John Reid, father of Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., died in Brooklyn last week, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Miss Mary Holbrook has recently been appointed a missionary to Japan by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church.

Rev. John Kiger, of the Indiana Conference, has closed his thirty-ninth year in the traveling ministry, and his twenty-fifth in the presiding eldership.

From three M. E. Conferences—Central New York, Pittsburgh and East Ohio—\$3,416 have been received towards the endowment of the James Memorial Professorship in the Drew Seminary. The sum of \$24,000 is required.

The session of the Central New York Conference was held at Auburn, September 11-17. The aggregate of benevolent collections is as follows: For Conference claims, \$3,184; missions, \$3,343; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, \$1,543; Church Extension Society, \$1,307; Tract Society, \$281; Sunday-school Union, \$276; Freedmen's Aid Society, \$1,033; Education, \$306; Bible Society, \$410.

At the Detroit Conference there was a long, earnest debate concerning the circulation of Methodist literature. The Conference, by special resolution, voted unanimously, save two, that if any premiums are given to subscribers, they should be given by the two houses. The matter of discrimination and exclusiveness by either house, East or West, was severely condemned.

There are in England and Wales 9,000 places in which Methodism has no preaching room or chapel. Last year it was decided to distribute \$40,000 between the two Conferences; \$30,000 have been promised to 100 chapels (sixty-three of which are in villages), providing additional stings for 20,000 hearers.

Michigan will be divided into three Conferences. The proposed lines are as follows: The Northern Michigan Conference will comprise all that part of the lower peninsula north of the parallel running west from the head of Saginaw Bay; the Detroit will include all the southeastern part south of the Northern Michigan line, and east of the principal meridian; the Michigan Conference will include all the southwest part of the State not apportioned as above.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

The Congregationalist says: "Rev. Dr. Manning was incapacitated from preaching on a recent Sunday evening by sudden hoarseness, and Phillips Brooks took his place—another pleasant sign of a true catholicity."

The late Catherine M. Leonard left about \$10,000 to the various societies of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Sarah F. Sailey has left England for a visit to Sweden. She held, just previous to her departure, a series of Bible readings at the Brunswick Rooms, Potswood, near Southampton, London.

The cadets' prayer-meeting, which Gen. O. O. Howard started at West Point years ago, still survives; and one-third of the graduates of the school are said to carry away its influence.

The spirit of church-building and paying off debts, and improving church property, is increasing in Colorado.

Among those who were drowned in the recent Princess Alice disaster on the Thames were two great granddaughters of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, son and daughter of Rev. Walter T. Rowley, curate in charge of St. Johns, Plymouth.

Rev. A. E. Fyfe, D. D., President of the Baptist Literary Institute at Woodstock, Canada, is dead. He was for many years one of the distinguished pulpits of Montreal and was well known by Baptists in the United States.

In a population of 5,000,000 in Texas there are about 260,000 church members. Of these 92,000 are Baptists, 160,000 are Methodists, 81,000 are Presbyterians, 11,000 are Campbellites, 5,000 are Lutherans, and 10,000 are Catholics.

An appeal has lately been issued in England to the admirers of John Bunyan to assist in the restoration of Elstow church, which the great allegorist attended in his youth, and whose bells he used to ring.

There are in Paris eighty-eight Sunday-schools, with 750 teachers and 8,400 scholars. Twenty-five years ago there were only thirteen Sunday-schools in the city, and these were chiefly gatherings of children not arranged in classes.

Rev. Mr. See, of Newark, N. J., who lately caused such a disturbance at the Presbyterian Church for admitting women to his pulpit, is said to have adopted Swedenborgianism.

The work of the New York City Mission and Tract Society for September was as follows: With forty missionaries, 398 meetings were held, 3,881 visits were made, 275 temperance pledges obtained, 30,000 tracts and papers distributed, and 305 families aided.

The Baptists are making rapid headway among the Swedes. They now have in Sweden 232 churches, 13,733 members, 2,470 having been received during the past year by baptism.

Persons afflicted with sleepiness in church perhaps may wish for the remedy there fore devised by one John Rudge who, in the year 1735, left to his native parish in Shropshire the sum of twenty shillings, that a man might be employed to go about the church, and, with a wand, awaken all sleepers by tapping them smartly on the head.

The largest Sunday-school in the world is probably at Stockport, Chester county, England, a town with a population of only 33,014. The school building cost \$100,000 and has between eighty and ninety teaching-rooms. Since the institution was opened, 6,885 teachers have been employed and 90,804 scholars registered.

"There ought to be," says the *Sunday-School Teacher*, "a pretty vigorous war commenced in the Sunday-school against tobacco. It is the filth that borders the stream of drunkenness. When once a boy has set his foot in that, he is liable to be whirled away by the fiercer torrent just beyond. Although there is a growing sentiment against its use among professing Christians, there is an alarming increase in the habit itself."

On the 17th of September an English church was dedicated at Ronen by the Bishop of London. For more than forty years there have been English services in the city, but it was not until two years ago that a determined effort was made to have a regular church. Then Dr. Greenfield was appointed chaplain, and on the 30th of June, 1877, the first stone was laid.

HONEY BEES.—We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Cotton, in another column, under this head. Mrs. Cotton is one of our most successful bee-keepers.

A correspondent, writing from the Paris Exposition, says: "The jury on musical instruments is composed of many of the most celebrated European experts, and of which Dr. Frank Liszt is the honorary president, were especially pleased with the magnificent display of the Estey Organ Company. They repeatedly visited and tested their instruments, and made them the standard of excellence by which all others of their class were judged. The jury regretted that Estey & Co., who are by far the largest American exporters of cabinet organs, were *hors concours*, but it is the well-known policy of this house never to compete for prizes. Had they done so, there can be little doubt that another grand prize, or at least a gold medal, would have been added to the list of awards to the United States."

N. Y. Tribune.

We acknowledge the receipt of a sample lot of Samples' new six cord, red, white, and blue, and black. We have used the same in our families, and it is pronounced first-class. We recommend it to all the ladies, for hand or machine sewing. It is for sale by all of the leading dry goods dealers. Brown, Durrell & Co., 53 & 55 Summer Street, supply the trade.

For particulars regarding Electric Belts, address: FULVIER & CO., 20 N. Y. N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The ladies of Danforth called at the new parsonage, Rev. J. A. and after paying their compliments, singing some choice hymns, reading and prayer, they departed, leaving \$9.75 in silver. May the Lord bless them!

E. A. GLIDDEN.

PHILIP PHILLIPS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Appointments for October: Portland, 9; Bath, 10; Gardiner, 11; Hallowell, 12; Augusta, 13; Waterville, 14; Saco, 15; Biddeford, 16; Fort Smith, 21; Great Falls, 22; Rochester, 23; Manchester, 24; Claremont, 25.

NOTICE.—Will the preachers of the New Bedford district who expect to be present at the October meeting, at East Bridgewater, please drop me a line to that effect.

W. J. SMITH, East Bridgewater, Oct. 7.

S. S. CONVENTION.—There will be a Sunday-school Convention held in the St. Paul's M. E. Church, Lynn, Friday, Oct. 18, 1878.

PROGRAMME.

9.30 a. m., Devotional Exercises; 10 a. m., The Relations of Christian Church in the Sunday-school; and Hon. D. W. Wait, Jr., on the Sunday-school in the Sunday-school, Y. M. Simon; 2 p. m., Essential Qualifications of the S. S. Teacher; 3 p. m., How to Preach a Missionary Sermon in the Sunday-school; Daniel Steele; 4 p. m., address by St. S. Dahlberg, Secretary of the Missionary Society.

A. L. COOPER, ALFRED WRIGHT, Com. Jos. H. Mansfield, Sec.

Starlings.

In East Douglas, Oct. 2, by Rev. J. J. Woodbury, David E. Everett, of Norwood, to Miss Ida Woodbury, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Geo. W. Hunt, Oct. 1, by Rev. S. McChesney, Rev. Henry Clark, of Wrentham, and Rev. J. H. and Mrs. W. W. Hunt, of Chicago, Ill.

In Westport, by Rev. F. A. Phillips, Joseph S. Butler, of Easton, to Miss Abby H. Webb.

Deaths.

In Duxbury, Oct. 1, of pneumonia, Mrs. Sarah Simmons, aged 87 years, widow of the late Capt. Nathan Simmons, a member of the M. E. Church.

At Westport, Oct. 1, of pneumonia, Edwin Arthur, only child of John W. and Jennie Cornell, of Providence, aged 10 months and 22 days.

At Townsend Harbor, Mass., Oct. 3, of heart disease and diphtheria, Horace F. Folson, aged 30 years, 8 months and 4 days.

A LECTURE

Will be delivered in TREMONT TEMPLE, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BY—

Arthur Mursell, of London,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The lecture will be given under the auspices of the American Peace Society. Tickets to be had, with reserved seats can be obtained at Lockwood, Brooks & Co.'s Bookstore, 381 Washington St. General Admission, 50 cents.

Rev. C. H. Malcolm, D. D., Sec. Hon. E. S. Foley, President.

REVERSIBLE "LINENE" COLLAR.

Any size mailed free. Perfect fit. Fine muslin on both sides, can be obtained at Lockwood, Brooks & Co.'s Bookstore, 381 Washington St. General Admission, 50 cents.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

R. L. DAY & COMPANY.

Bankers, Brokers, and Stock Auctioneers.

Merchants' Exchange Building.

Entrances at State Street, 14 Exchange Place.

Auction Sales every Wednesday and Saturday, at 11-12 o'clock A. M.

Stocks bought and sold daily in Brokers' Room. U. S. Called bonds cashed, or exchanged for later issues.

Good City and Town Bonds constantly on hand.

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1878.

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2

U. S. 6s, 1861, reg'd Jan. & July till 1878, 107 1/2